

DIVINE *James Everett.*
POEMS,

CONTAINING

The History of { JONAH,
ESTER,
JOB,
SAMPSON.

Together with
SIONS { SONETS.
ELEGIES.

Written, and newly augmented,

By *Fra. Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed by *E. M.* for *Samuel Lownes,*
and are to be sold at his Shop, over
against *Exeter-House* in the
Strand. 1664.



DIVINE POEMES

Revised, and Corrected with Additions

By the Author Fra: Quarles
A Mosely,

*Printed for Samuell Lowmyer at his Shop over
 Peter house in the Strand. Anno 1662*

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Tr: R.
QIDA



The Mind of the Frontispiece.

This naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, Helpelesse MAN, MAN born to Dye :
On either side an ANGEL doth protect him,
As well from EVILL, as to GOOD direct him :
Th' one points to Death, the other to a Crown ;
Who THIS attains, must tread the Other down :
All which denotes the Brief of Mans estate,
That HE's to go from Hence, by THIS, to THAT.





TO THE
SACRED MAJESTY
OF
KING CHARLES.

SIR,



Hen your Landed Subject
dyes, and leaves none of his
Blood to inherit, the Laws
of this your Kingdom finds
the King Heir: In this Vo-
lume are contained several Poems, late-
ly dedicated to divers of your Nobility,
whom they have out-lived: So that the
Muses (who seldome or never give ho-
nour for lives) have found them all for
the King, which I have here gathered
together, and prostrated before the feet

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of your Sacred Majesty. Indeed one of them I formerly dedicated, and presented to your self: So that now they are become doubly yours, both by Escheat, and as Survivour. And if you please to own me as your Servant, your Majesty hath another Title good, by which I most desire they should be known yours: I will not sin against the common good, so much as to expect your Majesties serious Eye upon them: If when your Crown shall be most favourable to your Princely brows, you please to afford a gracious hearing, they will with the help of some benevolous Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I hope) relish in your sacred ears, and receive honour from your accustomed goodnesse, far above their merits, or the expectation of

Your true-hearted,
and loyal Liegeman,

FRA. QUARLES.

To the READER.

I List not to tire thy patient Ears
with unnecessary Language,
(the abuse of Complement) My
mouth's no Dictionary: it onely
serves as the needful Interpreter of
my Heart.

I have sent thee the first fruits of
an abortive Birth. It is a dainty
Subject, not Fabulous, but Truth
it self.

Wonder not at the Title, (A Feast
for Wormes:) for it is a Song of
Mercy: What greater Feast than
Mercy? And what are Men but
Wormes?

To the Reader.

Moreover, I have gleaned some few Meditations,; obvious to the History; Let me advise thee to keep the Taste of the one, whilst thou readeſt the other, and that will make thee reſiſt both the better.

Understanding Reader, favour me: Gently expound, what it is too late to correct,

He leva le Golpe, Dios ſea con
ella.

Farewell.

THE



The PROPOSITION of this first Work.

TIs not the Record of great Hector's glory,
Whose matchlesse Valour makes the World a Story;
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans name
That only Came, and Look'd, and Overcame;
Nor One, nor All of those brave Worthies nine,
(Whose Might was great, and Acts almost divine,
That liv'd like gods, but dylike Men, and gone)
Shall give my Pen a task to treat upon:

I sing the praises of the King of Kings,
Out of whose mouth a two-edg'd Smiter springs,
whose Words are Mystery, whose Works are Wonder
whose Eys are lightning and whose Voice is Thander;
who like a Curtain spreads the Heavens out,
Spangled with Stars, in glory round about;

'Tis He that cleft the furious waves in twain,
Making a Highway passage through the Main:

'Tis He that turn'd the waters into Blood,
And smote the Rocky Stone, and caus'd a Flood;

'Tis He, that's justly armed in his Ire,
Behind with Plagues, before with flaming fire;
More bright than mid-day Phoebus are his Eyes,
And whosoever sees his Visage, dyes.

I sing the Praises of Great Judahs Lyon,
The fragrant Flower of Jesse, the Lamb of Sion;
whose Head is whiter than the driven Snow,
whose Visage doth like flames of Fire glow;
His Loynes begirt with golden Belt, his Eyes
Like Titan, riding in his Southern Shine,

His Feet like burning Brals, and as the noise
Of surgy Neptunes roaring is his Voice,
This is that Paschal Lamb, whose dearest blood
Is sovereign Drink, whose Flesh is saving Food;
His precious Blood, the worthys of the Earth
Did drink, which (though but born of mortal birth)
Return'd them Deities : For who drinks This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternal bliss;
Himself's the Gift, which He himself did give,
His Stripes heal us, and by His death we live;
He saviour God and Man, in double Nature,
Did reconcile Mankind, and Mans Creator.
I, here's a Task indeed; if Mortals could
Not make a verse, yet Rocks and Mountains would :
The Hills shall dance, the Sun shall stop his Course,
Hearing the Subject of this high Discourse :
The Horse and Gryphin shall together sleep,
The Wolf shall fawn upon the silly Sheep,
The crafty Serpent, and the fearfull Hart,
Shall joy in Consort, and each bear a part,
And leap for joy, when my Urania sings,
She sings the praises of the King of Kings.

THE

The Introduction.

THat Ancient Kingdom, that old *Assur* way'd,
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd;
Both mighty Great, but of unequal growth;
Both great in People, and in Building, both;
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?
Now grass grows there, where these brave Cities stood.

The name of one great *Babylon* was high,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high Armenia to the ruddy Sear,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.

The other *Ninur*, *Niniveh* the Great;
So huge a Fabrick, and well-chosen Sear,
Don *Phabus* fiery Steeds (with Mains becur'd,
That circundates in twice twelve hours the world),
Ne'r saw the like: By great King *Ninur* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded in th' *Assyrian* Land.
On one hand, *Lycus* wash't her fruitful sides,
On t'other, *Tygr* is with her hasty Tides,
Begirt she was with walls of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fifty foot in measur'd height,
Upon their bredth (if ought we may rely
On the report of Sage Antiquity)
Three Chariots fairly might themselves display,
And rank together in a Battel ray:
The circuit that her mighty Bulk imbraces,
Contains the mete of sixty thousand paces:
Within her well fenc'd walls you might discover
Five hundred stately Towers, thrice told over;
Whereof the highest draweth up the eye;
As well the low st, an hundred Cubits high;

The Introduction:

Allrich in those things which to state belong,
For beauty brave, and for munition strong:
Duly, and daily this great Work was tended
With ten thousand Workmen, begun and ended
In eight years space: How beautiful! how fair
Thy Buildings! And how foul thy Vices are!

Thou Land of *Assur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of Joy be never dry'd,
Thou hast a Palace, that's renown'd so much,
The like was never, is, nor will be such.

Thou Land of *Assur*, treble then thy Woe,
And let thy Tears (do as thy Cups) overflow;
For this thy Palace of so great renown,
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batter'd down.

But cheer up, *Nimrod*, shine inbred might
Hath means enough to quell thy Fo-mans spite;
Thy Bulworks are like Mountains, and thy Wall
Disdains to stoop to thundering Ordnance call;
Thy watchfull Towers mounted round about,
Keep thee in safety, and thy Fo-men out:
I, but thy Bulwarks aid cannot withstand
The direful stroke of the Almighty's hand;
Thy wafer-walls at dread Jehovah's blast
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall down be cast;
Thy watchful Towers shall asleep be found,
And nod their drowsie heads down to the ground:
Why Bulwarks are not Vengeance-proof; thy Wall
Then Justice brandisheth her Sword, must fall;
Thy lofty Towers shall be dumb and yield
To high Revenge; Revenge must win the field;
Vengeance crys loud from heaven, she cannot stay
Her Fury, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her Vials full of deadly Bane:
Thy Palace shall be burnt, thy People slain;
Thy Heart is hard as Flint, and swoln with pride,
Thy murth'rous Hands with guilelesse blood are dy'd;

The Introduction.

Thy filly Babes do starve for want of Food,
Whose tender Mothers thou hast drencht in Blood,
Whom with child, lie in the streets about,
Whose Brains thy savage hands have dashed out,
Distressed Widows weep, (but weep in vain)
For their dear Husbands, whom thy hands have slain,
By one mans Force, another man's devow'd,
Thy Wives are ravish'd, and thy Maids deflow'd,
Where Justice should, their Tort and Grievance place,
Thy Altars defil'd and holy things deface,
Thy Lips have tasted of proud Babels Cup,
What thou hast left, thy Children have drunk up,
Thy bloody sinnes, thine Abels guiltlesse blood,
Cryes up to heaven for vengeance, cryes aloud,
Thy sinnes are seir, and ready for the fire,
Here rouse, my Muse, and for a space, respire.

TO



**TO THE MOST HIGH:
HIS HUMBLE SERVANT
IMPLORES HIS FAVOU-
rable Assistance.**

O All-sufficient GOD, great LORD of Light,
Without whose gracious aide, and constant
No labours prosper, (how soe'r begun) (sprits,
But flie like Mists before the morning Sunne:
O raise my thoughts, and clear my Apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirit into my weak invention:
Reflect thy Beams upon my feeble Eyes,
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries;
My Art-lesse Hand, my humble Heart inspire,
Inflame my frozen tongue with holy fire:
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory;
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory: (Quill,
And thou (O FIRST and LAST) assist my
That first and last I may perform thy will:
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise;
My ruder Pen expects no crown of Bayes.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kist:
Crown me with Glory; Take the Bays that list.

A
FEAST
FOR
Wormes.

By *Fra: Quarles.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Edw. Mortershead* in
the Year. 1 6 6 4.

Feast for WORMES

THE ARGUMENT

The word of God to Jonah came,
Commanded Jonah to proclaim
The vengeance of his Majesty
Against the sins of Ninevie.

Scet.

TH Eternal Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,
Came down to Jonah from the heavenly throne,
Came down to Jonah, heavens appointed Son,
Jonah, the flower of old Israel's youth,
Jonah, the Prophet, Son, and Heir to Truth,
The blessed Type of him that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:
"Arise; truss up thy loins, make all things meet,
And put thy sandals on thy hasty feet;
Gird up thy reins, and take thy staffe in hand,
Make no delay, but go where I command;
He pleases not to send thee (Jonah) down
To sweep Gath-Hepher, thy dear native Town,
Whose tender paps with plenty ever flow,
Nor yet unto thy brethren shalt thou go:

A Feast for Wormes.

" Amongst the Hebrews, where thy Spredde fame
 " Portend the weakness of thine honour'd name
 " No, 'Tis not send thee thither : Up, arise,
 " And go to Niniveh, where no Allies,
 " Nor consanguinity preserves thy blood,
 " To Niniveh, where strangers are withstood :
 " To Niniveh, a City say remain
 " From thine acquaintance, where th' art not belov'd :
 " I send thee to Mount Sinai, not Mount Sion,
 " Not to a gentle Lamb, but to a Lion,
 " Nor yet to Lydia, but to bloody Pashur,
 " Not to the Land of Canaan, but of Ashur,
 " Whose language will be riddles to thine ears,
 " And thine again will be as strange to theirs :
 " I say to Niniveh, the world's great Hall,
 " The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperial.

" But terrible Mount Sinai will affright thee,
 " And Pashur's heavy hand is bent to smite thee :
 " The Lions roar ; the people's strong and stout,
 " The Rulers stand a-front to keep thee out :
 " Great Ashur menaces with whip in hand,
 " To entertain thee (welcome) to his Land.
 " What then ? arise, be gone ; say nothing
 " Bad is the clowd, that will in wetting shrink.

" What then, if cruel Pashur heap on stripes ?
 " Or Sinai blast thee with her sulph'rous smoke ?
 " Or Ashur whip thee ? or the Lions rend thee ?
 " Pish, on with a courage ; I the Lord have sent thee :
 " Away, away, lay by thy foolish pity,
 " And go to Niniveh, that mighty City ;
 " Cry loud against it, at thy dreadful voice
 " Make all the City echo with the noise
 " Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon's,
 " Pronounce my judgements, and denounce my rage
 " Make not thy head a fountain full of tears,
 " To weep in secret for thy sin. Thus said

A Feast for Whores

" Shall bear such things: will make their eyes
 " Thine eyes shall stare with what they shall discern;
 " Spend not in private those thy zealous drops,
 " But brew, and back; O that thy nostrils
 " Make heaven and earth rebound, when thou dischargest;
 " Plead not (like Paul) but stand (like Balaam);
 " Nor let the beauty of this building blind thee;
 " Let not the towers of the Rampart fear thee;
 " Let no man bribe thy sight, nor shall
 " Nor soul mean force thee, nor let false
 " Ram up thine ears: Thine heart of stone shall be
 " Be deaf to them, as they are deaf to thee;
 " Go, cry against it. If they ask thee, why?
 " Say, Heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry;
 " My Altar cease to smelt; their holy fire
 " Are quenched; and where prayers should, there
 " The farnisse of their fornication sties
 " On coals of raging lust, and upward flies,
 " And makes me sick: I hear the mournful groans,
 " And heavy sighs of such, whose aching bones
 " To Oppressor grinden: Alas, their grief
 " Their play is profaned with tears, plead hard
 " Behold, my sons, they have oppressed, and
 " And bathed their hearts with blood, they
 " The stream of guiltlesse blood makes suit unto me,
 " The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
 " The vile profanes of my sacred Names,
 " He tears my titles, and my honour maims,
 " Makes their rich of an oath, swears and
 " Recks not my ways, nor my judgments;
 " They eat, they drink, they sleep, they rise
 " In wanton dalliance, and lascivious
 " Heavens beloved Herald, stand up and go
 " To mighty Niniveh, denounce my
 " Advance thy voice, and when thou hast
 " Spare Shrub, not Cedar, nor my oak against it:

A Poem for Whores

With the Trumpets, and with louder breamb
Proclaim my sudden coming, and their daughter said

The Author's APOLOGY, read full

IT was my mourning Muse; A Muse whose spirit
Transcends (I fear) the fortunes of her meritor;
Too bold a Muse, whose feathers (yet in blood)
She never bath'd in the Pyrenean Flood;
A Muse unbreach'd, unlikely to straits
An easie honour, by so stout a Train;
Expect no lofty Hagard, that shall flicker
A lessning pitch, to the deceived eye;
If in her Downy Soreage, she but ruse
So strong a Dove, may in be thought enough;
Bear with her, in Time and Fortune may requite
Your patient suffrance, with a fairer flight.

The general Application.

TO thee (Mafide) now I turn my Quill;
That God is still that God, and will be still,
The painful Pastors take up *Jonah's* room,
And thou the *Ninivite*, to whom they come.

Mediat. 1.

HOW great's the love of God unto his creature
Or is his Wisdom, or his Mercy greater?
I know not whether; O th' exceeding love,
Of highest God, that from his Throne above
Will send the brightnesse of his grace to those
That grope in darknesse, and his grace opposet
He helps, provides, inspires, and freely gives,
As pleas'd to see us ravel out our lives;

A Feast for Wormes.

He gives us from the heap, he measures us all out
Nor deals (like Manna) each his stinted portion out
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
(With such like oyl as from the Widows Cruse
Did issue forth) in fulnesse without wailing
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty lasting
I, there is care in heaven, and heavenly spirits
That guides the world, and guards poor mortall wights
There is, else were the miserable state
Of man, more wretched and unfortunate
Than savage beasts: But O th' abounding love,
Of highest God! whose Angels from above
Dismount the Tower of Blisse, fly to and fro,
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.

What thing is man, that Gods regard is such?
Or, why should heaven love wretchless man so much?
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?

A Feast for Wormes: a bubble full of breath;

A looking-glass for grief; a flash, a minute;

A painted Tomb, with punishment in it;

A map of death; A burthen of a song;

A winters dust; a worm of five fote long;

Begot in sin; in darkness nourishd; born

In sorrow; naked; shiftless and forlorn;

His first voice (heard) is crying for relief;

Alas! He comes into a world of grief;

His Age is sinful, and his Youth is vain;

His life's a punishment; his Death's a pain;

His life's an hour of Joy, a world of Sorrow;

His death's a winters night, that finds no morrow;

His life's an Hour-glass, which being run

Includes that hour of joy, and so is done;

He must go, nor is this charge confin'd

To *Job*, but to all the world enjoy'd;

Magistrates, arise, and take delight,

In seeing Justice, and maintaining right;

A Psalm for Mariners.

There suppose Merchants arise;
And mingle conference with your Merchandise;
Lawyers, arise, make not your righteous Laws
A trick for gain; Let Justice rule the cause;
Tradesmen, arise, and ply your thriving Shops
With true hands, and eat your meat with drops;
Pant to thy Team, and Purr to thy Net,
And all must go that coule which God hath let.
Great God awake in these drouzy times,
Lest vengeance find us sleeping in our Crimes;
Encrease succession in thy Prophets lieu,
For lo, thy Marvell's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGUMENT.

But Jonah toward Tharshis went,
A tempest doth his course prevent;
The Mariners are sore oppress'd,
While Jonah sleeps and takes his rest.

BUt Jonah thus hath thought; The City's great
And mighty. A storm stands with death's threat;
Their hearts are hardened, that they cannot hear;
Will green-wood burn, when so wood's scarce;
Strange is the charge: Shall I go to a place
Whence wind and fire? Are not hard's the seas?
That righteous He! must be thus neglected,
When sinners and Gentiles are respected?
How might I hope my words should there succeed,
Which thrive not with the Flock? I doubt not
I know my God is gentle; and would
To render mercy, ere he change his mind.

A Fable for Women.

Upon the last repentance: Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Prostitute.

O heavy burthen of a doubtful mind!
Where shall I go, or which way shall I wind?
My heart, O Jacan, looketh to and fro:
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Go:
If Go, my labour's lost, my shame's at hand;
If stay, I say, I transgress my Lords command:
If go, from bad estate, to worse I fall;
If stay, I slide from bad, to worse of all.
My God bids go, my Credit bids me stay,
My guilty fear bids fly another way.

So Jonab straight arose, himself belight
With fit accoutrements for hasty flight:
Instead of staffs, he took a Shipmans weel;
Instead of going, so, he flies with speed.

Like as a Hawk (that ever-matches with might)
Doing sad passage for th' unequal fight,
(Answering the Falkners second shout) does flee
From fiftens tail to foul, and takes a tree:
So Jonab baulks the place where he was sent
(To Minivah) and down to Gass went:
He sought, enquired, and at last, he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Thers bound,
Where he may flie the presence of the Lord:
He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboard:
His hasty purse for bargain finds no leisure,
(Where sin delights, there's no account of measure)
Nor did he know, nor ask, how much his Purse
He gave: They took: all parties pleased were
(How thrifful of our cost, and pains, we be,
Great God of heaven, and earth, to flie from thee!)
Now have the Saylor drunk their parting cup:
They go aboard, the Saylor's hoisting up;

A Rush for Wreck.

The Anchor's waigh'd; the Keel begins to obey;
Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Keys;
Divides the streams, and without wind or Oars,
She easily glides along the moving shore;
Her swelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,
Sh' out-strips the Tide; and hies her to the Ocean:
Forth to the deep she launches, and out-braves
The prouder Billows, rides upon the Waves:
She plys that course her Compass hath enjoy'd her,
And soon hath left the lashed Land behind her;
By this, the breath of heaven began to cease;
Calm were the Seas; the Waves were all at peace;
The flapping Main-sail flap against her Yard,
The useless Compass, and the idle Card
Were both neglected: Upon every side
The gameful Porpoise tumbled on the Tide,
Like as a Mallard, when restrain'd a while,
Is made more furious, and more apt for spoil:
Or when the breath of man being barr'd the course
At length breaks forth with a far greater force;
Even in the milder beams of heaven, at last,
Lets fly more fierce and blows a stronger blast:
All on a sudden darkened was the Skie,
With gloomy clouds; heav'n's more resplendent eye
Was all obscur'd: The air grew damp and cold,
And strong-mouth'd Boreas could no longer hold
His wonted loose his uncontrolled breath,
Whose language threatens nothing under death:
The Rudder fails; the Ship's at random driven;
The eye no object owns, but Sea and Heaven:
The Welkin stuns, and rages more and more;
The rain pours down; the fletcher begin to roar,
As they would split the massy Globe in sunder,
From that that lives above, to those that live under;
The Pilot's freighted knows not what to do;
His Art's amur'd, in such a maze of woe;

A Psalm for the Sea

Faces grow sad: Prayers and complaints
Each one's becomes an Oration for life.
The winds above, the waters underneath,
Joyn in rebellion, and conspire death.
The Seamen's courage now begins to wane,
Some ply the Pump, whilst others strike the Sail.
Their hands are busie, while their hearts despaire.
Their fears and dangers move their lips to prayer.
They pray'd, but winds did snatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not go to whom they pray.
But still they pray, but still the wind and weather
Do turn both ship and pray'rs they know not whither.
Their gods were deaf, their danger waxed greater;
They cast their wares out, and yet ne'r the better:
But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in sleep,
And in the lower deck was buried deep.

Meditation 3.

BUT stay: this was a strange and uncouth word.
Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord?
What mister word is that? He that repleaseth
The mighty Universe, whose lofty seat
Th' imperial heaven, whose foot-stool is the face
Of massie earth? Can he from any place
Be barr'd? or yet by any means excluded?
That is in all things? (and not yet included)
Could *Jonah* find a resting any where
So void, or secret, that God was not there?
I stand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord?
Mount up to heaven, and there thou shalt discover
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power:
Bestride the earth beneath (with weeny pace)
And there he bears the Olive branch of Grace.

Dive down into ch' infernal Abyſſe of Hell,
 And there in Juſtice doth ch' Almighty dwell,
 What ſecret Cloyſter could there then afford
 A ſcreen 'twixt faithleſſe Jeaſh, and his Lord:
 Jeaſh was charg'd to take a charge in hand;
 But Jeaſh turn'd his back on Gods command;
 Shook off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
 And what was ſtrictly charg'd, he quite rejected:
 And ſo he fled the power of his Word;
 And ſo he fled the preſence of the Lord.

Good God! how poor a thing is wretched man?
 So frail, that let him ſtrive the beſt he can,
 With every little blaſt he's overdone:
 If mighty Cedars of great Lebanon,
 Cannot the danger of the Axe withſtand,
 Lord! how ſhall we, that are but buſhes, ſtand?
 How fond, corrupt, how ſenſleſſe is mankind?
 How faining deaf is he? how wilfull blind?
 He ſtops his ears, and ſins; he ſhuts his eyes,
 And (blindfold) in the lap of danger lies:
 He ſins, deſpairs; and then coſt him his grief,
 He chuſeth death, to baulk the God of life.

Poor wretched ſinner, travel where thou wilt,
 Thy travel ſhall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
 Climb tops of hills, that proſpects may delight thee,
 There will thy ſins (like wolves and bears) ſtrike thee;
 Fly to the valleys, that thoſe frights may ſhun thee,
 And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee;
 Or to the raging ſea (with Jeaſh) go;
 There will thy ſins like ſtormy Neptune ſhow:
 Poor ſhiftleſſe man! what ſhall become of thee?
 Where-e'er thou fly'ſt, thy griping ſin will ſee.

But all this while, ſee thy where Jeaſh ſleeps,
 Is roſt, and torn, and haw'd on the doops,
 And well-nigh ſplit upon the threatening Rock,
 With many a beaſtious beaſt, and churlly knock.

A Feast for Worms.

God help all desp'rate voyagers, and keep
All such as feel thy wonders on the deep.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Pilot thumps on Jonah's breast,
And rouses Jonah from his rest:
They all cast Lots, (being sore affrighted)
The sacred Lot on Jonah lighted.*

SECT. 3.

THe amazed Pilot finding no success,
(But that the storm grew rather more than less,
For all their toilsome pains, and needlesse prayers,
Despairing both of life and goods) repairs
To *Jonah's* drouzy Cabbin; mainly calls;
Calls, *Jonah, Jonah*; and yet louder yauls;
Yet *Jonah* sleeps, and gives a shrug, or two,
And snoars, (as greedy sleepers use to do.)
The woful Pilot jogs him (but in vain.)
(Perchance he dreams an idle word, or twain.)
At length he tugs and pulls his heavy coat,
And thunders on his breast with all his force;
But (after many yawns) he did awake him.
And (being both affrighted) thus bespake him:

“ Arise, O Sleeper, O wile, and see,
“ There's not a twiny thread 'twixt death and thee;
“ This dark some place (thou know'st it) is thy grave;
“ And sudden Death rides proud on yonder wave.
“ Arise, O Sleeper, O wile, and see,
“ Perhaps thy God will hear, and not say, *Nei*.
“ Repair the loss of this our ill, O wile, and see.”

“ Perhaps thy God’s more powerful than ours :
 “ Heavens hand may chafe, and burst compassion on us,
 “ And turn away this mischief it hath done us.

The surdy Sayers (weary of their pain)
 Finding their bootlesse labour lost, and vain,
 Forbear their toilsome task, and wrought no more,
 Expecting death, for which they lookt before ;
 They call a parley, and consult together,
 They count their sins, (accusing one another)
 That for his sin, or his this ill was wrought ;
 In fine they all prove guilty of the fault :
 But yet the question was not ended so :
 One says, *’Twas thine offence ;* but he says, *No,*
 But *’twas for thy sake, that accuses me ;*
 A third forth a third (the worser of the three)
 And swore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
 Deny’d it flat, and said, *’Twas thine, for swearing ;*
 In came a fift, accusing all ; (replying
 But little else) they all chid him for lying ;
 One said it was, another said *’Twas not,*
 So all agreed, to stint the strife by Lot :
 Then all was whist, and all to prayer went ;
 (For such a businesse a fit complement)
 The Lot was cast ; it pleas’d God by Lots to tell,
 The Lot was cast ; the Lot on *Jonah* fell.

Meditat. 3.

O Sacred Subject of a Meditation !
 Thy Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration ;
 Thy Judgements are all just, severe, and sure,
 They quite cut off, or else, by lancing, cure
 The festring sore of a rebellious heart,
 Left full infection to the immortal part.

How deep a Lethargy doth this disease
 Bring to the slumbering soul, through careless ease,
 Which once being wak'd, (as from a golden dream)
 Looks up and sees her guilt the more extreme.
 How seeming sweet's the quiet sleep of sin,
 Which when a wretched man's once curdled in,
 How soundly sleeps he, without fear or woe,
 No sooner do his arms in folded knee
 A drowsy knot upon his careless breast,
 But there he snorts, and snorts in careless rest,
 His eyes are closed fast, and deaf his ears,
 And (like *Admetus*) sleeps himself in years,
 His sense-bound heart relents nor at the voice
 Of gentle warning, neither does the noise
 Of strong reproof awake his sleeping ear,
 Nor louder threatning thunder makes him hear,
 So deaf's the sinners ear, so numb'd his sense,
 That sin's no corrosive, breeds no offence;

For custom brings delight, deludes the heart,
 Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.

But stay; Did one of Gods elected number,
 (Whose eyes should never sleep, nor eye-lids slumber)
 So much forget himself? Did *Jonah* sleep,
 That should be watchful, and the Tower keep?
 Did *Jonah* (the selected mouth of God)

Instead of roaring Judgements, does he nod?
 Did *Jonah* sleep to sound? Could he sleep then,
 When (with the sudden sight of death) the men
 (So many men) with yelling shrieks, and cries
 Made very heaven report? Were *Jonah's* eyes
 Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereav'd,
 Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from heaven?
 O righteous *Is'rl*, where's O where art thou going?
 Where is thy Lamp? thy zealous Shepherd now?
 Alas! the ravenous Wolves will won't thy sheep,
 Thy Shepherd's careless, and is fast asleep.

Thy wandring flocke are frighted from their fold;
 Their Shepherd's gone, and Foxes are too bold;
 They, they whose smooth far'd words become the Altar;
 Their works dissent, and first begin to faulter;
 And they that should be watch-lights in the Temple,
 Are snuff, and want the oil of good example;
 The chosen Watch-men, that the Tow'r should keep,
 Are waxen heavy-ey'd and fall asleep.

Lord, if thy watchmen wink too much, awake them;
 Although they slumber, do not quite forsake them;
 The flesh is weak, say not (if dulnesse seize
 Their heavy eyes) sleep henceforth; take your ease;
 And we poor weaklings, when we sleep in sin,
 Knock at our drouzy hearts, and never lin,
 Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyes;
 Lest (drown'd in sleep) we sink and never rise.

THE ARGUMENT.

*They question Jonah whence he came,
 His Countrey, and his pepples Name.
 He makes reply: They mean their wee,
 And ask his counsel what to doe.*

SECT. 4.

AS when a Thief's apprehended on suspight,
 And charg'd for some supposed malefact;
 A rude concourse of people straight accurs,
 Whose itching ears even smart to know the news
 The guilty prisoner (to himselfe betrayd)
 He stands dejected, trembling, and afraid;
 So *Jonah* stood the Saylor's all among,
 Inclosed round amid the under throng.

A Feast for Worms.

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As in a Summers evening you shall hear
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your ear)
Confused buzzing, and sedition noise,
Such was the murmur of the Saylor's voice.

“What was thy sinful act that causes this?”
“ (Says one) wherein hast thou sinned against?”
“Tell us what is thine sin (another says)”
“That thou professest?” Speak man, whence comest thou?
“From what Country comest thou?” (as others reply)
“What is thy Country?” And of what alliance art thou?
“What art thou born a Jew? or Gentile?”
“Ere he could lend an answer unto either”
“A fourth demands, where hast thy dwelling land?”

All what they ask, they all ask o’er again
In fine, their ears (impatient of delay)
Becalm’d their tongues to hear what he could say.

So *Jonah* (stunably rearing up his eye)
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies:

“I am an Hebrew, son of Abraham,
“From whom my Land the first derives her name;
“Within the Land of Jary was I born;
“My name is *Jonah*, wretched and forlorn;
“I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,
“For, from before the face of God I flee;
“From whence (through disobedience) I am driven;
“I fear **JEHOVAH**, the great God of the Jews;
“I fear the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand
“Did make this stormy Sea, and muffle Land.”

So said, their ears with double ravishment,
Still hung upon his melting lips, attend,
Whose dreadful words their hearts so near impend,
That from themselves, themselves were quite dissent.

As in a soultry Summers evening ride,
 (When lustful Phobus re-salutes his Bride;
 And Philomela begins her caroling)
 A Herd of Deer are browsing in a Spring,
 With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,
 Nor in so deep a silence fearing ought;
 A sudden crack, or some unthought-of sound,
 Or bounce of fowlers Peete, or yelp of Hound,
 Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze;
 Where (senseless harts) through fear they stand at gaze:
 So stand the Seamen, (as with Ghosts affrighted)
 Entranc'd with what this map of God recited:
 Their tyred limbs do now wax faint, and lither,
 Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together;
 Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,
 And left a faintnesse in their feeble parts:
 Who (trembling out distracting language) thus:

- "Why hast thou brought this mischief upon us?
 "What humour led thee to a place unknown.
 "To seek our forraign Land, and leave thine own?
 "What fair hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,
 "To thus to flie the presence of thy God?
 "Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgress)
 "The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest?
 "Art thou a Prophet? and dost thou amisse?
 "What is the cause? and why hast thou done this?
 "What shall we do? the tempest lends no ear.
 "To fruitless chat, nor do the billows heare,
 "Or mark our language: Waves are not attent:
 "Our goods they float, our needles pains are spent,
 "Our Bark's not weather proof; no Fort's so stout
 "To keep continual siege and batt'ry out.
 "The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemn thee,
 "The waves (thy death-men) strive to overwhelm thee,

A Feast for Worms.

“What shall we do? Thou Prophet, speak, we pray thee;
“Thou fear’st the Lord; Alas! we may not stay thee:
“Or shall we save thee? No, for thou dost fly
“The face of God, and so deserv’st to die.
“Thou Prophet, speak, what shall be done to thee,
“That angry Seas may calm and quiet be?”

Meditat. 4.

GIVE leave a little to adjourn your Text;
And ease my soul, my soul with doubts perplexed:
Can he be said to fear the Lord, that flies him?
Can word confess him, when as deed denies him?

My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine ear,
And read the myst’ry of a twofold fear:
The first, a servile fear, for judgments sake;
And thus Hell’s Fire-brands do fear and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear’d, and fled behind a tree:
And thus did bloody *Cain* both fear and flee.

Unlike to this there is a second kind
Of fear, extracted from a zealous mind,
Full fraught with love, and with a conscience clear
From base respects: It is a filial fear;
A fear whose ground would just remain, and level,
Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil:
Such was the fear that Princely *David* had;
And thus our wretched *Jonah* fear’d and fled:
He fled a sham’d, because his sins were such;
He fled a sham’d, because his fear was much.
He fear’d *God*, other fear’d he none:
Him he acknowledg’d; him he fear’d alone:
Unlike to those who (being blind with error)
Prize many gods, and multiply their terror.
The *Egyptians*, god *Apis* did adore;
And *Assur* the *Chaldeans* did adore:

Babel to the Devouring Dragon seeks;
 Th' *Arabians* *Altarah*; *Juno*, the *Greeks*;
 The name of *Belus*, the *Assyrians* hallow;
 The *Trojans*, *Vesta*; *Cornub*, wife *Apollo*;
 Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the *Sun*;
 To light-foot *Mercury*, bows *Macedon*;
 To god *Vulcanus*, Lovers bend their knee:
 To *Pavor*, those that faint, and fearful be:
 Who pray for health, and strength, to *Murcia* those,
 And to *Vittoria*, they that fear to lose:
 To *Muta*, they that fear a womans tongue:
 To great *Lucina*, women great with young:
 To *Esculapius* they that live oppress:
 And such to *Quies*, that desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antique times,
 How blent with error, and how stult with crimes
 Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
 How clogg'd with needless gods! How obstinate!
 How void of reason, order, how confuse!
 How full of dangerous and foul abuse!
 How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable!
 How many Deities! yet how unable!

Implore these gods that list to howle and bark,
 They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the *Ark*:
 But he to whom the seal of mercy's given,
 Addres *Jehovah* the great God of Heaven:
 Upon the mention of whose sacred Name,
 Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame:
 Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heaven shall turn his course:
 Mountains shall dance, and *Neptune* slake his force:
 The Seas shall part, the fire want his flames:
 Upon the mention of *Jehovah's* Name:
 A Name that makes the roof of Heaven to shake,
 The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake:
 A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps:
 A Name, puts frolick man into his dumps,

(Though

(Though ne'r so blythe :) A Name of high renown
It mounes the meek, and beates the lory down;
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard and flinty stone
Extracteth hearts of flint, and makes relent
Those hearts that never knew what mercy meant.

O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven?
To tender mouths of Sucklings thou hast given
Coercive pow'r, and boldness to reprove,
When elder men do what them not behove.
O Lord! how great's the power of thine hand!
O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet doth his faith discover,
Perswades the men to cast him over:
They row, and toyle, but do no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Self. 3.

SO Jonah fram'd this speech to their demand,

"Not that I seek to transverse the command

"Of my dear Lord, and out of mind pervertes

"To avoid the Ninivites, do I amerce

"My self; nor that I ever heard you threat,

"(Unless I went to Ninivch (the great))

"And do the message sent her from the Lord)

"That you would kill, or cast me over-board,

"Do I do this; 'tis my deserved fine

"You all are guiltless, and the fault is mine.

" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he ;
 " The tempest comes from heaven, the cause from me ;
 " You shall not lose a hair for this my sin,
 " Nor perish for the fault that mine hath been ;
 " Lo, I the man am here ; Lo, I am he,
 " The root of all ; End your revenge on me ;
 " I fled th' Eternal God ; O, let me then
 " (Because I fled my God) so flie from men :
 " Redeem your lives with mine ; Ah, why should I
 " Not guiltless, live ; and you not guilty, die ?
 " I am the man for whom these billows dance,
 " My death shall purchase your deliverance ;
 " Fear not to cease your fears, but throw me in ;
 " Alas ! my soul is burthen'd with my sin,
 " And God is just, and bent to his Decree,
 " Which certain is, and cannot alter'd be ;
 " I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King
 " Of heaven and earth ; the winds with speedy wing
 " Acquaint the Seas : The Seas mount up on high,
 " And cannot rest until the Traytor dye ;
 " Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended ;
 " Let death make Justice mends, which life offended ;
 " Oh, let the swelling waters me embalm ;
 " So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calm.

So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,
 New love abstracted, what old fear did add ;
 Love call'd pity ; Fear call'd Vengeance in ;
 Love view'd the Sinner ; Fear beheld the Sin ;
 Love cry'd out, Hold ; for better sav'd than spill'd ;
 But fear cry'd, Kill ; O better kill than kill'd :
 Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were
 Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Fear ;
 Some cry'd out, Save : if this foul deed we do,
 Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too :

Others cry'd, No: May rather death befall
To one (that hath deserv'd to dye) than all:
Save him (sayes one) Oh save the man that thus
His dearest blood hath proffer'd to save us:
No, (sayes another) Vengeance must have blood,
And vengeance strikes most hard, when most withstood.
In fine (say all) Then let the Prophet dye.
And we shall live; For Prophets cannot lye.
Loth to be guilty of their own, yet loth
To haste poor *Jonah's* death, with hope, that both
Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,
With prayers, and pains re-utter'd, re-attended;
They try'd new wayes despairing of the old,
Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold:
They strove, in vain, by toyle to win the shore,
And wrought more hard than ere they did before;
But now, both hands and hearts begin to quail,
(For bodies wanting rest, must faint and fail.)
The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice;
Gods vengeance stormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appease:
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free
What heaven hath bound by a divine decree:
Jonah must die, heaven hath decreed it so;
Jonah must dye, or else they all dye too;
Jonah must dye, that from his Lord did die:
The Lot determines, *Jonah* then must die;
His guilty word confirms the sacred Lot;
Jonah must dye then, if they perish not.

" If Justice then appoint (since he must die,
" Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,
" (we beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)
" O pardon blood-shed, that we must intend;

A Feast for Wormes.

" Though not our hands, yet shall our hearts be cleare
 " Then let not stainlesse consciences beare
 " The pained raine burden of 4 Murders guilt,
 " Or pay the price of blood that must be spoile,
 " For los, (dear Lord) it is thine own decree,
 " And we sad ministers of Justice be.

Meditat. 5.

BUT stay awhile; this thing would first be known:
 Can *Jonah* give himself, and not his own?
 That part to God, and to his Countrey this
 Pertains, so that a fender third is his.
 Why then should *Jonah* do a double wrong,
 To deal himself away, that did belong
 The least unto himself? or how could he
 Teach this, [*Thou shalt not kill*] if *Jonah* be
 His life's own Butcher? What, was this a deed
 That with the calling he profess agreed?
 The purblind age (whose works (almost divine)
 Did merely with the oyle of Nature shine,
 That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
 To whip their conscience with steely rod,
 How much did they abhor so foul a fact?
 When (led by Natures glimpse) they made an Act
 Self-murderers should be deny'd to have
 The charitable honour of a Grave:
 Can such do so, when *Jonah* does amiss?
 What, *Jonah*, *Israels* Teacher, and do this?

The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
 In this thing to do that which *Jonah* did;
 Moreo'r, in Charity, 'Tis thy behest,
 Of dying men to think and speak the best;
 The mighty *Sampson* did as much as this:
 And who dare say that *Sampson* did amiss.

If heavens high Spirit whisper'd in his ear
Express command to do't: No wavering fear
Drew back the righteous *Abrah*'s armed hand
From *Isaac*'s death, secur'd by heavens command.

Sure is the knot that true Religion ties,
And Love that's rightly grounded, never dies;
It seems a Paradox beyond belief,
That men in trouble should prolong relief;
That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglective of their own estate.

Where is this love become in later age?

Alas! 'tis gone in endless pilgrimage
From hence, and never to return. (I doubt)
Till revolution wheel those times about:
Chill breaths have starv'd her here, and she is driven
Away; and with *Alfred* fled to heaven.
Poor Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
Her wingless Bees can find out ne'r a bloom.

And crooked *Ate* doth usurp her room:
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drink,
And curs'd *Ardenn* flows above the brink.
Brave Mariners, the world your name shall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendship's rare, and your conversion strange
From Paganism to zeal: A sudden change
Those men do now the God of heaven implore,
That bow'd to Puppets but an hour before;
Their zeal is fervent, (though but now begun)
Before their Eggs-shells were done off, they run;
As when bright *Phœbus* in a Summer tide,
(New risen from the bosome of his Bride)
Enveloped with misty fogs, at length
Breaks forth, displays the mist, with Southern strength:
Even so these Mariners (of peerless mirror)
Their faith being veil'd within the mist of error,

At length their zeal chas'd ignorance away,
 They left their puppers and began to pray.
 Lord, how unlimited are thy confines,
 That still pursu'st man in his good designs!
 Thy mercy's like the dew of *Herman's* hill,
 Or like the Oynment, dropping downward still
 From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard to foot;
 So do thy mercies drench us round about:
 Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free
 To turn to Man, when Man returns to thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

*They cast the Prophet over Board;
 The storm allay'd; they fear the Lord;
 A mighty Fifth him quick devours,
 Where he remained many hours.*

EWAS a member, whose corrupted sense
 Infests, and rankles, vating more and more,
 Threading the bodies loss (if not prevented)
 The wise Chyrurgion (all fair means exempted)
 Cuts off, and with advised skill doth choose
 To lose a part, than all the body loss
 Even so the feeble Sailors (that address
 Their idle arms, where heaven denies success)
 Forbear their thriveless labours, and devise
 To root that evil, from whence their harm arises
 Treason is in their thoughts, and in their ears
 Danger revives the old, and adds new fears
 Their hearts grow fierce, and every soul applies
 To abandon mercy from his tender eyes;

They cease to attempt what heaven so long withstood
 And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
 They whisper oft, each word is Death's Alarm;
 They hoist him up, each lends a busy arm,
 And with united powers they entombe
 His out-cast body in *Thetis* angry wombe:
 Whereat grim Neptune wags his foamy mouth,
 Held his tridented Mace upon the South,
 The winds where whistle the billows dance no more,
 The storm allay'd, the heavens left off to rore,
 The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
 Gave ready passage, and surceast their rage;
 The skie grew clear, and now the welcome light
 Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight:
 Thus all on sudden was the Sea tranquil,
 The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were still.
 As when a friendly Creditor (to get
 A long forborn, and much concerning debt)
 Still pities his willing debtor with entreats,
 Importunes daily, daily chumps, and beats
 The barrer's portals of his tired eares,
 Bedeaing him with what he knows, and hears;
 The weary debtor, to avoid the sight
 He loathes, shifts here and there, and ev'ry night
 Seeks out Protection of another bed,
 Yet ne'rtheless (pursu'd and followed) he
 His eares are still laid at with louder volley
 Of harder Dialect; He melancholy
 Sits down, and sighs, and after long fore-flowing
 (To avoid his presence) payes him what is owing.
 The thankful Creditor is now appear'd,
 Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleas'd,
 Even so these angry waves, with restless rage
 Accosted *Jonas* in his pilgrimage,
 And thundred Judgement in his fearful care,
 Presenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare?

The waves rose discontent, the Surges beat
 And every moment, death the billows threat.
 The weather-beaten Ship did every minute
 Await destruction, while he was in it;
 But when his (long expected) corps they threw
 Into the deep, a debt, (through trespass, due)
 The Sea grew kinde, and all her frowns abated,
 Her face was smooth to all that navigated.
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* made her storm and rage,
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* did her storm assuage.
 With that the Mariners astonisht were,
 And fear'd *Jebovah* with a mighty feare,
 Offring up Sacrifice with one accord,
 And vowing solemn vows unto the Lord.
 But he whose Word can make the earths foundation
 Tremble, and with his word can make cessations
 Whose wrath doth mount the waves, and toss the sea;
 And make them calm & smooth, when e'r he please;
 This God, whose mercy runs on endless wheels,
 And pulls (like *Jacob*) Justice by the heels,
 Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
 Whose belly was both prison-house, and baile
 For reckless *Jonah*. As the two leas'd dove
 Came, to welcome home the fruitful store,
 Wherewith the harvest quites the Plowmans hope;
 Even so the great *Leviathan* forsope
 His beam-like jaws, (prepar'd for such a boone)
 And at a morsel swallowed *Jonah* down.
 'Till dewy cheek *Aurora's* purple die,
 Thrice dappled had the ruddy morning die,
 And thrice had spread the Curtains of the morn,
 To let in *Thine*, when the day was borne,
Jonah was tenant to this living Grave,
 Embowell'd deep in this stupendous Cave,

Medica. 6.

LO, Death is now, as alwayes it hath bin.
 The iust procured finend of our sin:
 Sin is a golden Canie, and a Road
 Garnish'd with joyes, whole paths, are euen and broad,
 But leads at length to death, and endless griefe,
 To torment, and to paines without reliefe.
 Justice feares none, but maketh all afraid,
 And then falls hardest, when 'tis most delaid.
 But thou reply'st, thy sins are daily great,
 Yet thou sit'st uncontroul'd upon thy leas:
 Thy wheate doth flourish, and thy barnes do thriue,
 Thy sheepe encrease, thy sons see all alive,
 And thou art buxom, and hast nothing feare,
 Finding no want of any thing, but want. (holy.
 Whil'ſt others, whom the squint-eyed world count
 Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy,
 With brow dejected, and down-hanging head,
 Or take of almes, or poorly beg their bread:
 But young man, know there is a Day of doome,
 The Feast is good, untill the reck'ning come,
 The time runs fastest, where is least regard,
 The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard:
 There is a dying day, (thou proude rousboole)
 When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Doole:
 Thy robes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;
 Thy whoops of joy, to howles of sad lamenting;
 Thy tongue shall yell, and yawl, and never stop,
 And with a world to give for one poor drop
 To flatter thine intolerable pain;
 The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtain
 A minutes freedome from that hellish rout,
 Whose fire burnes, and never goeth out.

Nor house, nor land, nor measur'd heaps of wealth,
Can render to a dying man his health:
Our life on earth is like a thred of flaxe,
That all may rouch, and being toucht it cracks.

As when an archer shooteth for his sport,
Sometimes his shaft is gone, sometimes 'tis short,
Sometimes o' th' left hand wide, sometimes o' th' right,
At last (through often trial) hits the White !
So death sometimes with her uncertain Rover
Hits our Superiours and so shoots over :
Sometimes for change she strikes the meener sort,
Strikes our Inferiours (and then comes short :)
Sometimes upon the left hand wide she goes,
And so (still wounding some) she strikes our foes:
And sometimes wide upon the right hand bends
There with Imperial shafts she strikes our friends ;
At length (through often trial) hits the White,
And so strikes us into eternal night.

Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men never out of date:
Her dayes Dominiacal are writ in blood :
She shews more bad dayes then she sheweth good :
She tells when dayes, and months, and terms expire,
Meas'ring the lyes of mortals by her squire.

Death is a Pursuivant with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poor mens doors, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware betimes, death sculks behind thee,
And as she leaves thee, so will judgment find thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

Within the bowels of the fish,
Jonah laments in great anguish;
God heard his pray'r, at whose command
The fish disgorg'd him on the Land.

SECT. 7.

Then Jonah turn'd his face to heav'n, and pray'd
Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,

- " I cry'd out of my balefull misery
- " Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;
- " From out the paunch of hell I made a noise;
- " And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voice;
- " Into the deeps and bottome thou hast thrown me,
- " Thy Surges and thy waves have pass'd upon me.
- " Then Lord (said I) from thy resplendent sight
- " I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite;
- " Nay the lesse, while these my wretched eyes remain,
- " Unto thy Temple will I look again.
- " The boisterous waters compass me about;
- " My body threat'ns to let her pris'ner out;
- " The boundlesse deeps enclos'd me, (almost dead)
- " The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;
- " Flung on earth rejected at thine hand;
- " And a perpetual pris'ner in the Land;
- " Yet thou wilt cause my life to ascend at length,
- " From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my strength;
- " When at my soul was overwhelm'd and faint,
- " I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint

"With the condition of my woful case,
 "My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.
 "Whoso to vanities themselves begaile,
 "Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake;
 "To thee I'll sacrifice in endlesse dayes:
 "With voyce of thanks, and ever sounding praise;
 "I'll pay my vowes; for all the world records
 "With one consent, Salvation is the Lords.

But he (whose word's a deed; whose breath's a law;
 Whose just command implies a dreadful awe,
 Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the deep,
 To tend and wait for *Jonah's* fall, and keep
 His out-cast body safe, and soul secure)
 This very God (whose mercy must endure,
 When heaven, and earth, when sea, and all things fail)
 Disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale
 To re-deliver *Jonah* to his hand;
 Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the Land.

Meditat. 7.

I Well record a Holy Father sayes,
 "He teaches to deny that faintly prayes:
 The suite surceases, when desire failes,
 But who so prayes with fervency, prevails;
 For pray is the key that opens th' eternal gate,
 And findes admittance, whether earl' or late:
 It forces audience, it unlocks the dore
 Of heavens great Gods, though deaf (heare.
 Upon a time, *Babel*, (the worlds fair Queen
 Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with spleen)
 Through fell disdain, derraigned war 'gainst them
 That tender'd homage to *Jerusalem*.

A maiden fight it was, yet they were strong
 As men of War, the Battail lasted long,
 Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side,
 That all the ground with purple gore was dy'd :
 In fine, a souldier of *Jerusalem*,
Charissa hight (the Almoner of the Realm)
 Chill'd with an ague, and anapt to fight,
 Into *Iustitia's* Castle took her flight,
 Whereat great *Babels* Queen commanded all
 To lay their siege against the Castle wall ;
 But poor *Tymissa* not with war acquainted)
 Fearing *Charissa's* death, fell down, and fainted ;
 Dauntlesse *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
 Where she lay (pale and senselesse) in a s wound ;
 She rubb'd her temples, and at length awaking,
 She gave her water of *Fidissa's* making,
 And said, Cheare up, (dear sister) though our foe
 Hath tane us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,
 We have a King puissant, and of might,
 Will see us take no wrong, and doe us right,
 If we possesse him with our sad complaint :
 Chear up, wee'l send to him, and him acquaint,
Tymissa (new awak'd from s wound) replies,
 Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
 And troops of armed men besiege our walls,
 Then sure death, or worse then death befalls
 To her, (who ere she be) that stirs a foot,
 Or rashly dares attempt to venture out ;
 Alas ! what hope have we to find reliefe,
 And want the meanes that may divulge our griefe ?
 Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
 Whose looks were fixt and sad ; her left hand held
 A pair of equal ballances ; her right
 A two-edg'd sword ; her eyes were quick and bright ;
 Not apt to squint, but nimble to discern ;
 Her visage lovely was, yes bold and stern ;

Her

Her name *Iustitia*; to her they make
 Their moan, who well advis'd, them thus bespake:
 Fair Maidens, more beloved then the light,
 I rue the suff'rance of your woful plight,
 But pite's fond alone, recures no grieffe,
 But fruitlesse falls, unlesse it yield reliefe.
 Cheare up, I have a Messenger in store,
 Whose speed is much, but faithful trust is more;
 Whose nimble wings shall cleave the flitting skies,
 And scorn the terrour of your enemies;
Oratio hight, well known unto your King,
 Your message she shall do, and tidings bring;
 Provided that *Fidissa* travail with her,
 And so (on Christs Name) let them go together,
 With that *Fidissa* having ta'en her errant,
 And good *Oratio* with *Iustitia*'s warrant,
 In silence of the midnight took her flight;
 Arriving at the Court that very night;
 But they were both as flames of fire hot,
 For they did flie as swift as Canons shot:
 But they (lest sudden cold should do them harme)
 Together clung, and kept each other warme:
 But now the kingly gates were sparr'd, and lockt,
 They call'd, but none made answer; then they knockt
 Together joining both their force in one,
 They knockt again, yet answer there was none:
 But they that never learn'd to take denial,
 With importunity made further trial;
 The King heard well, although he list not speak,
 Till they with strokes the gate did well-nie break,
 In fipe, the brazen gates flew open wide:
Oratio mov'd her suite; The King replide,
Oratio was a faire, and welcome guest:
 So heard her suite, so granted her request.
 Fraile man, observe; In thee the practice lies,
 Let sacred Mediation moralize:

Let prayer be fervent, and thy faith intire,
And heav'n at last will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The second time was Jonah sent
To Niniveh: now Jonah went;
Against her crying sinnes he cry'd,
And her destruction prophecy'd.*

SECT. 8.

ONCE more the voice of heav'n's high Command
(Like horrid claps of heav'n's dividing thunders,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise
B'ing heard far distant off) such was the voice)
Came down from heav'n to *Jonah*, new-born Mark,
To re-baptized *Jonah*, and thus began:

'Am I a God? or art thou ought but dust?
'More than a man? Or are my Laws unjust?
'Am I a God, and shall I not command?
'Art thou a man, and dar'st my Laws withstand?
'Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall shake)
'Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake?
'By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,
'And thy presumption scape uncorrected?
'Thy faith hath sav'd thee (*Jonah*;) Sin no more,
'Lest worse things happen after, than before;
'Arise; let all th' assembled pow'r's agree
'To doth' Embassage I impose on thee;
'Trifle no more; and, to avoid my sight,
'Think not to balk me with a second flight.
'Arise and go to *Niniveh* (the great)
Where broods of Gentiles have rais'd up their seat:

The great Queen regent mother of the Land,
 That multiplies in people like the sand;
 Away with wings of time, (Ile not effoin thee)
 Denounce these fiery Judgments, I enjoin thee.

Like as a youngling that to schoole is sent,
 (Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment,
 Where he was cocker'd with a stroking hand)
 With stubborn heart denies the just command
 His Tutor wils : but being once corrected,
 His homebred stomach's curb'd, or quite ejected :
 His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollifi'd,
 And humbly seeks what stoutly he deny'd :
 So *Jonah's* stout, perverse, and stubborn heart,
 Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
 Of heav'ns avenging wrath, it straight dissolv'd ;
 And what it once avoided, now resolv'd
 T' effect with speed, and with a careful hand,
 Fully replenish'd with his Lords Command,
 To *Niniveh* he flieth like a Roe,

Each step the other strives to overgoe :
 And as an arrow to the mark does flie,
 So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh* :

Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,
 Which all the Cities of the world did passe ;
 A City which o're all the rest aspires
 Like midnight *Phabe* 'mongst the lesser fires :
 A City, which (although to men was given)
 Better besecm'd the Majesty of heaven :
 A City great to God, whose ample walls
 Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall
 Bring *Phabus* thrice to bed, ere it be done,
 (Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Jonas* hath approacht the City gate,
 He wade no stay to rest, nor yet to bair,
 No supple oyle his fainting head anoints,
 Stays not to bathe his weather-beaten joynts,

Nor smooch'd his countenance, nor slick'd his skin,
Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inne,
To ease his aking bones (with travel fore ;)
But went as speedy as he fled before :
The Cities greatnesse made him not refuse
To be the trump of that unwelcome news
His tongue was great with ; But (like thunders noise)
His mouth flew ope, and out there rust a voice.

*When dewy-cheek'd Aurora shall display
Her golden locks, and summon up the day
Twice twenty times, and rest her drowzie head
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons bed,
Then Niniveh, this place of high renown,
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batter'd down.*

He sat not down to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent', or Salvage ; nor did he enquire
What place were most convenient for a Crier ;
Nor like a sweet-lipt Orator did steare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare ;
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majesty,
Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,
*When forty times Don Phœbus shall fulfil
His Journall course upon th' Olympian Hill,
Then Niniveh (the Worlds great wonder) shall
Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.*
The dismal prophet stands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pity
Th' approaching downfall of so brave a City,
But dauntlesse he his dreadful voice extends,
Respectlesse, whom this bolder cry offends ;
*When forty dayes shall be expir'd, and run,
And that poor Inch of time drawn out, and done,
Then Niniveh the Worlds Imperial throne
Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.*

Meditary 8.

But stay! Is God like one of us? Can he
 When he hath said it, alter his Decree?
 Can he that is the God of Truth, dispence
 With what he vow'd? or offer violence
 Upon his sacred Justice? Can his mind
 Revolt at all? or vary like the wind?
 How comes this alteration then, that He
 Thus limiting th' effect of his Decree
 Upon th' expiring date of forty dayes,
 He then performes it not? But still delays
 His plagues denounc'd, and Judgement still forbears,
 And stead of forty dayes gives many years?
 Yet forty dayes, and *Niniveh* shall perish;
 Yet forty years, and *Niniveh* doth flourish:
 A change in man's infirmes, in God 'tis strange;
 In God to change his Will, and will a Change,
 Are divers things: When he repents from ill,
 He wils a Change; he changes not his Will;
 The subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,
 But not the mind, that did dispose it thus;
 Denounced Judgement God doth oft prevent
 But neither changes counsel, nor intent;
 The voyce of heaven doth seldome threat perdition,
 But with expresse, or an imply'd conditions
 So that, if *Niniveh* return from ill,
 God turns his hand, he doth not turn his Will.

The flint of *Niniveh* was forty dayes,
 To change the blas of her crooked wayes:
 To some the time is large; to others, small;
 To some 'tis many yeares; And not at all
 To others; Some an hour have, and some
 Have scarce a minute of their time to come:

Thy span of life (*Malsido*) is thy space
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace,

Lord! what is man, but like a worm that crawls
Open to danger every foot that falls
Death creeps (unheard) and steals abroad (unseen),
Her darts are sudden, and her arrows keen;
Uncertain when, but certain she will strike,
Respecting King and Beggar both alike;
The stroke is deadly, come it soon or late,
Which once being struck, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow:
Then live to day, as thou may'st die to morrow,

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ninivites believe the word,
Their hearts returne unto the Lord;
In him they put their only trust:
They mourn in sackcloth, and in dust.*

Self. 9.

SO said, the *Ninivites* believ'd the Word,
Believed *Jonas*, and believ'd the Lord;
They made no pause, nor jested at the news,
Nor sleighted it, because it was a Jew's
Denouncement: No, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with such novelties)
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to them.
No idle that possess their itching ears
The whilst he spake: nor were their tongues on fire
To raile upon, nor interrupt the Crier:
Nor did they question whether true the message,
Or false the Prophet were, that brought th' embassage.

Put they gave faith to what he said; relented,
 And (changing their mis-wandred wayes) repented:
 Before the searching Ayre could coole his word;
 Their hearts returned, and believ'd the Lord;
 And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere
 With cares, and viands, and with wanton cheare,
 Do now enjoyn their palats not to tast
 The offall bread; (for they proclaim'd a Fast)
 And they, whose looser bodies once did lie
 Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of princely Die,
 Lo now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourne,
 And all their Silks do into Sackcloth turne:
 They reade themselves sad Lectures on the ground,
 Learning to want, as well as to abound;
 The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
 Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
 The old man was not freed, (whose heary age
 Had ev'n almost outworne his Pilgrimage)
 Nor yet the young, whose glasse (but new begun)
 By course of Nature had an age to runne:

For when that fatall Word came to the King,
 (Convey'd with speed upon the nimble wing
 Of flitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Thrones
 Forsakes his Chair of State he sate upon,
 Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
 In dust and ashes growling on the ground,
 And when he rear'd his trembling corps again,
 (His hair all filthy with the dust he lay in)
 He clad in penfive Sackcloth, did depose
 Himself from State Imperial, and chose
 To live a Vassal, or a baser thing,
 Than to usurp the Scepter of a King:
 (Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
 He was a Monarch middleste of his State,
 He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,
 Nor with his sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat. 9.

I S fasting then the thing that God requires?

Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires

That sinne hath blown to such a mighty flame?

Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?

Can ashes cleanse thy blot? or purge thy offence?

Or do thy hands make heaven a recompence,

By strowing dust upon thy briny face?

Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?

No, though thou pine thy self with willing want;

Or face look thin, or Carcass ne'r so gaunt;

Although thou worser weeds then sackcloth wear,

Or naked goe: or sleep in shirts of haire;

Or though thou chuse an Ash-rub for thy bed,

Or make a daily dunghil on thy head;

Thy labour is not pay'd with equal gaine,

For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines:

Such holy madnesse God rejects, and leathes,

That sinks no deeper than the skin, or cloathes:

'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)

Look red with teares, (not guilty of thy heart)

'Tis not the holding of thy hands so hye,

Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;

'Tis not your mimick mouthes, your antick faces,

Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,

Nor prodigal up-banding of thine eyes,

Whose gashtful bals do seem to pelt the skyes;

'Tis not the strict reforming of your haire

So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;

'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,

Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,

Nor wolvis howling that disturbs the aire,

Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer;

No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
 Such sort of fooles their own applause rewards;
 Such puppet-playes to heaven are strange and quaint;
 Their service is unsweet, and foully taint;
 Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine,
 But true repentance runs in other straine;
 Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
 Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
 Of past offences, hates the bosome sin
 The most, which most the soul took pleasure in
 No crime unfitted, no sinne unpresented
 Can lurke unseen; and seen, none unlamented;
 The troubled soul's amaz'd with dire aspects
 Of lesser sinnes committed and detests
 The wounded Conscience; it cries amain
 For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries again
 It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
 It yernes for grace, reformes, returns, repents;
 I, this is in case, whose accepted favour
 Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth favour;
 I, this is it, whose valour never failes,
 With God stoutly wrestles, and prevailes;
 I, this is it that pierces heaven above,
 Never returning home (like Noah's Dove)
 But brings an olive leaf, or some increase,
 That works Salvation, and Eternall Peace.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prince and people fasts, and prayes :
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes :
Upon their timely true repentance,
God revers'd, and chang'd his sentence.*

Seet. 10.

THen suddenly, with holy zeal inflam'd,
He caus'd a general Act to be proclaim'd,
By sage advice, and counsel of his Peeres ;
" Let neither man, or child, of youth, or yeares,
" From greatest in the City, to the least,
" Nor Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beast,
" Nor any thing that draweth aire, or breath,
" On forfeiture of life, or present death,
" Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,
" Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud ;
" From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,
" With tears (or nothing) let them slake their thirst ;
" Moreo'er, let every man (what e're he be)
" Of higher quality, or low degree,
" D'off all they wear, (excepting but the same
" That nature craves, and that which covers shame)
" Their nakednesse with sackcloth let them hide,
" And mue the vestments of their silken pride ;
" And let the brave cariering Horse of War,
" Whose rich Caparisons, and trappings are
" The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors shew)
" Let him disrobe, and put on sackcloth too ;
" The Ox (ordain'd for yoke) the Ass (for load)
" The Horse (as well for race, as for the road)

" The

' The burthen-bearing Camel (strong and great)
 ' The fruitfull Kine, and every kinde of Neat,
 ' Let all put sackcloth on, and spare no voice,
 ' But cry aloud to heaven, with mighty noise,
 ' Let all men turn the bias of their wayes,
 ' And change their fiercer hands to force of praise :
 ' For who can tell, if God (whose angry face
 ' Hath long been waining from us) will embrace
 ' This slender pittance of our best indeavour ?
 ' Who knows, if God will his intent perseuer ?
 ' Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love
 ' Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove
 ' And change his high decrees and turn his sentence
 ' Upon a timely, and unsain'd repentance ?
 ' And who can tell, if heaven will change the lot,
 ' That we, and ours may live, and perish not ?

So God perceiv'd their works, and saw their ways,
 Approv'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
 Approv'd their works, approv'd their works the rather
 Because their faith and works went both together :
 He saw their faith, because their faith abounded ;
 He saw their works, because on faith they grounded ;
 He saw their faith, their works, and so relented ;
 H' approv'd their works, their faith, and so repented ;
 Repented of the plagues they apprehended ;
 Repented of the evil that he intended ;
 So God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,
 He took no forfeiture, although 'twere due ;
 The evil, that once he meant, he now forgot,
 Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Meditat. 10.

SEE, into what an ebbe of low estate
 The soul that seeks to be regenerate

Must

Must first descend, before the ball rebound;
It must be thrown with force against the ground;
The seed encreases not in fruitful eares,
Nor can she reare the goodly stalk she beares,
Unlesse bestrow'd upon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious by a second birth:
So man, before his wisdom can bring forth
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
Or hope the granting of his sins remission,
He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Sun's reflect,
Or lack the dew of seasonable showers
Decayes, and beareth neither fruit, nor flowers:
So wretched man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,
Or not bedew'd with shower of timely times,
Or works of mercy, (wherein Faith appeares)
His prayers, and deeds, and all his forced groines,
Are like the howles of dogs, and works of drones.
The wise Chyrurgion, (first by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient ere he does him good;
Before the soul can a true comfort finde,
The body must be prostrate; and the minde
Truly repenive, and contrite within,
And loathe the fawning of a bosome sin.

But Lord! Can man deserve? Or can his best —
Do Justice equal right, which he transgress?
When Dust and Ashes morally offends,
Can Dust and Ashes make eternal mends?
Is Heaven unjust? Must not the recompence
Be full equivalent to the offence?
What mends by mortal Man can then be given
To the offended Majesty of Heaven?

O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my soul relies,
On thee we build our faith, we build our eyes;

Thou fill'st my empty stein, thou fill'st my longing;
 Thou art the subject of my Swan-like song;
 Like pinion'd prisoners on the dying tree,
 Our lingering hopes attend and wait on thee;
 (Arraign'd at Justice Bar) prevent our doom;
 To thee with joyful hearts we chearly come;
 Thou art our Clergy: Thou that dearest Book,
 Wherein our fainting eyes desire to look;
 In thee, we trust to read (what will release us)
 In bloody Characters, that name of JESUS

What shall we then return the God of Heaven?
 Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;
 Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our power;
 (Alas!) were all too little, were they ours;
 Or shall we burn (untill our life expires)
 An endlesse Sacrifice in holy fires?
 My Sacrifice shall be my heart in fire;
 My Christ the Altar, and my Zeal the Fire.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet discontented prays
 To God, that he would end his dayes:
 God thunders his wrath so unrepent,
 Reproves his unadvis'd request.

Self. 11

BUt this displeasing was in *Yonah's* eyes,
 His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,
 His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,
 His veins did boile, his heart was full of ire;
 At last brake forth into a strange request,
 These words he pray'd, and numb'd out the rest:

A Feast for Worms.

49

' Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)
 ' Before I fled? Nay was not this my word,
 ' The very word my jealous language vented;
 ' When this mishap might well have bin prevented?
 ' VVas there, O was there not a just suspect,
 ' My preaching would procure this effect;
 ' For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love;
 ' I knew the power, thou gav'st my tongue, would move
 ' Their Adamantine hearts; I knew, would draw
 ' Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe;
 ' I knew (great God) upon their true repentance,
 ' That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence;
 ' For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,
 ' Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod;
 ' I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent
 ' The strength of all thy other works outwent;
 ' I knew thy tender kindnesse, and how loath
 ' Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath;
 ' Turning thy Judgments, and thy plagues preventing;
 ' Thy mind reverting, and of ev'ill repenting;
 ' Therefore (O therefore) upon this persuasion
 ' I fled to Taylors, there to make evasion;
 ' To save thy credit (Lord) to save mine own;
 ' For when this blast of Zeale is over-blown,
 ' And sackcloth left, and they surcease to mourn,
 ' When they (like dogs) snuff to their vomit turn,
 ' They'l vilipend thy sacred Word, and scorne it;
 ' Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet?
 ' They'l scorn thy judgments, and thy threats despise,
 ' And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies.
 ' Now therefore (Lord) bow down attentive ears
 ' (For ah! my Garbden's more than flesh can bear)
 ' Make speed (O Lord) and banish all delays,
 ' Extinguish now the Taper of my dayes;
 ' Let not the minutes of my time exceed,
 ' But let my wretched heart find out the end.

' Let not my fainting spirits longer stay
 ' In this fraile mansion of distemper'd clay;
 ' The thred's but weak, my life depends upon;
 ' O, cut that thred, and let my life be done;
 ' My breast stands faire, strike then, and strike again;
 ' For nought but dying can assuage my pain:
 ' O may I rather die than live in shame;
 ' Better it is to leave, and yield the game,
 ' Than toile, for what, at length, must needs be lost;
 ' O, kill me, for my heart is sore imbost:
 ' This latter boon unto thy servant give,
 ' For better 'tis for me to die, then live.
 So wretched *Jonah*. But *Jehovah* thus:
 ' VVhat boots it so to storm out-ragious?
 ' Becomes it thus my servants heart to swell?
 ' Can anger help thee, *Jonah*? dost thou well?

Meditat. 12.

HOW poore a thing is Man. How vain's his mind!
 How strange! how base! & wav'ring like the wind!
 How uncouth are his wayes! how full of danger!
 How to himself, is he himself a stranger!
 His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain;
 His actions sinful, and his words profane;
 His will's deprav'd, his senses are beguill'd,
 His reason's dark, his members all defil'd:
 His hasty feet are swift and prone to ill,
 His guilty hands are ever bent to kill;
 His tongue's a sponge of venome, (or of worse)
 His practice is to swear, his skill to curse;
 His eyes are fire-balls of lustfull fire,
 And outward helps to inward foul desire;
 His body is a well erected station,
 But full of folly and corrupted passion:

Fond love, and raging lust, and foolish fears;
 Griefes overwhelmed with immoderate teares;
 Excessive joy; prodigious desire;
 Unholy anger, red and hot as fire;
 These daily clog the soul, that's fast in prison,
 From whose increase this lucklesse brood is risen,
 Respectlesse Pride, and lustful idlenesse,
 Base ribauld talk, and loathsome Drunkenesse,
 Faithlesse Despaire, and vain Curiosity:
 Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie;
 Soft Flattery, and haughty ey'd Ambition;
 Heart-gnawing Hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspicion;
 Self-eating Envy, envious Detraction;
 Hopelesse Distrust, and too too sad Dejection;
 Revengeful Malice, hellish Blasphemy,
 Idolatry, and light Inconstancy,
 Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
 Damned Apostasy, fond Superstition.

VVhat heedful watch? Ah what continual ward?
 How great respect, and howerly regard
 Stands man in hand to have; when such a brood
 Of furious hell-hounds seek to suck his blood
 Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wrangle
 And never cease, till they subdue the Castle.

How slight a thing is man? how frail and brinde?
 How seeming great is he? how truly little?
 VVithin the bosome of his holiest works,
 Some hidden Embers of old Adam lurks,
 VVhich oftentimes in men of purest wayes,
 Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.

Lord, each our hearts and give our souls directions,
 Subdue our passions; curb our stout affections;
 Nip thou the bud before the bloom begins
 Lord, shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

A Truss for Worms.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Booth for sicker Jonah made;
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approaching light,
God sent a Worme consum'd it quite.

SCENE, II.

SO Jonah (fore oppress and heavy-hearted)
From out the Cities circuit straight departed,
Departed to the Eastern borders of it,
Where sick with anguish sat this sullen Prophet.
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sates
(Untill some few dayes had expir'd their date
With lower tedious pace) where he might see
What would befall to threaten'd Nineveh.

A trunk that waxeeth fast, is soon decay'd;
The slender booth of boughs and branches made
Soon yielding to the Suns consuming Ray,
Crumbled to dust, and early dry'd away.
Whereat the great Jehovab spake the word,
And over Jonah's head there sprang a Gourd,
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gave it nourishment, as well as birth.
God raised up a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let wind, or scorching Sun, or blow, or blast,
As coals of fire rak'd up in embers, lie
Obscure, and undiscern'd by the eye;
But being stirr'd, regain'd glimmering light,
Reviv'd, and glow, burning afresh, and bright.
So Jonah gan to cheer through this reliefe,
And joyful was, devoided all his griefe,

END

He

A Feast for Worms.

He joy'd to see that God had not forgot
His drooping servant, and (to look him out)
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd strange wonder
Perswade the people, he's a prophet still
The fresh aspect did make fresh his sight
The herbal savour gave his sense delight
Thus *Jonah* much delighted in the Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford

But, Lord! what earthly thing can long remain
How momentary are they! and how vain
How vain is earth, that man's delighted in
Her pleasures rise, and vanish in a minute
How fleeting are the joys we find below
Whose tides (uncertain) of their ebbe, than flow
For see! this Gourd (that was so fair and sound)
Is quite consum'd and eare to the ground
He sooner than had up his head
From off the pillow of his father's bed
But heav'n prepar'd his fall, his worm
(Perchance brought by some Eastern storm)
The worm that must devour him
Consum'd the Gourd, and he was soon
Consum'd it straight, and he was soon
Left naught, but (scarcely) a name

The pleasures of the world (which soon shall be)
Are lively Emblems of our own estate,
Which (like a Banquet or a Fun'ral Feast)
Be sweeten'd grief, and sorrow's bitterest feast

The pleasures of the world (which soon shall be)
Are lively Emblems of our own estate,
Which (like a Banquet or a Fun'ral Feast)
Be sweeten'd grief, and sorrow's bitterest feast
Pleasure is fleeting still, and ends in tears
Made a snare to catch the soul, and lead it where
Man's life is like a tale of many days
Which ends in tears, and sorrow's bitterest feast

Pleasure doe ween thy youth, and lull thy senses
But (sullen age approaching) straight avails thee
Maketh life enjoy, and sorrowe feels to banish.

It doth lament and mourn in age, and vantage sheweth

The time of pleasure, like the life of Man, is short
Both joyful, both contained in a span;

Both highly praised, and both on sudden lost

When most we trust them, they receive us most

Whence of goodness makes us love them thus

We leave our dyes, and pleasure leaves us when we will

Why, what is pleasure? A drowsy golden dreaming

Which (waking) makes us want the more to dream

And what is life? A bubble full of care, and soon

Which (pricked by death) straight crumples in a toy

The flowers (clad in fairer garb) array

Then e'er was Solomon, I do soon decay

What thing more sweet, we prize than a flower?

And yet it blooms and fades within an hour;

What greater pleasure than a rising Sun?

Yet in his pleasure every evening doth descend

But thou art heir to Cressid, and thy name is now

Being great and endless, endless is thy pleasure too

But thou (thou trifling heir) consider this;

Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust

Another's noble, and his name is great,

And takes his place upon a lofty seat;

True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,

That better 'twere he were not known so much;

Another finds his soul in Hyacinth, and knows

His Spouse is chaste, and can live with a host

But yet his comfort is bedridden, and done

His grounds are stuck, and now he wants a foe

How fickle and unconstant! Many estate I see

Man fain would have, but then he knows not what

And having rightly knows not how to prize it

But like the foolish Dumb-bell-Cock, imployed

A Poem for Death.

But who desires to live a life of care,
Wherein his Cruse of Joy shall ne'r be full,
With fierce pursuit let him that good desires
Whose date no change, no fortune can expire
For that's not worth the craving to obtain
A happiness that must be lost again
Nor that, which most do covet most is best
Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest
Gasp not for honour, with no blazing glory
For these will perish in an ages story
Nor yet for power; power may be carry'd
To fools, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd
Thirst not for Lands nor money; wish for none:
For wealth is neither lasting, nor our own:
Riches are fair enticements to deceive us,
They flatter while we live, and dying leave us

THE ARGUMENT.

Jonah desires to dye, Obe Lord
Enter him; he maintains his word:
His anger be, doth justify
God pleads the cause for Ninivites

Sabb. 13.

When ruddy Phobus had with morning light
Subdu'd the East, and put the stars to flight
Heav'n's hand prepar'd a fervent Eastern wind,
Whose droughe together with the Sun combin'd,
The one by bellows blowing others fire,
With strong united force did both conspire
To make assault upon the fainting head
Of helpless Jonah, that was well-nigh dead,

Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,
 (As they that are in torments use to do)
 And (restless) finding no success of ease,
 But rather that his tortures still increase,
 His secret passion to his soul betrayd,
 Craving no sweeter boon than death, and said,
 'O kill me (Lord) or loe my heart will rive,
 'For better 'tis for me to dye, than live.
 So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,
 And said, 'How now, is this a soerely fashion?
 'Doth it become my servants heart to swell
 'Can anger help thee? *Jonah*, dost thou well?
 'Is this a fit speech? or a well-plac'd word?
 'What art thou angry (*Jonah*) for a Gourd?
 'What if th' *Arabians* with their ruder train,
 'Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Camel slain?
 'What if consuming fire (faln from heaven)
 'Had all thy servants of their life bereaven
 'And burnt thy sheep? What if by strong oppression
 'The *Chaldees* had usurp'd unjust possession
 'Upon thy Camels? Or had *Boreas* blown
 'His full-mouth'd blast and cast thy Houses down,
 'And slain thy sons amid their jollities?
 'Or hadst thou lost thy Vineyard full of trees?
 'Hadst thou been ravish'd of thine only sheep,
 'That in thy tender bosom us'd to sleep?
 'How would thy hasty spirit then been stirr'd,
 'If thou art angry, *Jonah* for a Gourd?
 To which thus *Jonah* vent his idle breath,
 'Lord I do well to vex unto the death
 'I blush not to acknowledge and profess
 'Deserved rage, I'm angry, I confess:
 'I would make a spirit that is thorow frozen
 'To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen:
 'Why dost thou ask that thing that thou canst tell?
 'Thou know'st I'm angry, and is become the well.

- * So said, the Lord to *Joah* thus respake;
 * Dost thou bemoan and such compassion take
 * Upon a Gourd; whose seed thou didst not sow,
 * Nor move thy busie hands to make it grow:
 * Whose beauty small, and value was but slight,
 * Which sprang as also perisht in a night?
 * Hadst thou (O dust and ashes) such a care,
 * Such in-bred pity a trifling plant to spare?
 * Hadst thou (O hard and incompassionate,
 * To wish the razing of so brave a State)
 * Hadst thou (I say) compassion to bewail
 * The extirpation of a Gourd so frail?
 * And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
 * Whose Fountain's never dry, but still affords
 * Sweet streams of mercy, with a fresh supply,
 * To those that thirst for grace: What shall not I
 * That am the God of mercy, and have sworn
 * To pardon sinners whensoever they turn?
 * (I say) shall I disclaim my wooped pity,
 * And bring to ruine such a goodly City,
 * Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,
 * Who day and night pour forth their souls before me?
 * Shall I destroy the mighty *Nisibis*,
 * Whose people are like sands about the Sea?
 * Among which are sixscore thousand Babes (at least)
 * That hang upon their tender Mothers breasts
 * Whose pretty smiles could never yet desert
 * The dear affection of their mothers eye?
 * Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation
 * A City (nay, more aptly term'd, a Nation)
 * Whose walls boast less their beauty than their might?
 * Whose hearts are sorrowful, and souls contrite?
 * Whose Infants are in number so amounting?
 * And beasts, and cattel endless, without counting?
 * What, *Joah*, shall a Gourd so move thy pity?
 * And shall not I spare such a goodly City?

A Task for Women

Medicatio Almae

MY heart is full, my voice is gone, my
 My tongue's too trusty to my poor conceits;
 My mind's in labour, and finds no rest;
 My heart conceives, my lips cannot express;
 My Organs suffer through a main defect;
 Alas! I want a proper Dialect
 To blazon forth the woe of what I muse;
 The more I meditate, the more accretes;
 But lo, my faulting tongue must say no more,
 Unless she stop where she hath trod before.
 What? shall I then be silent? No, I'll speak
 (Till tongue be tired, and my lungs be weak)
 Of dearest Mercy, in as sweet a strain,
 As it should please my Muse to lend a vain
 And when my voice shall stop within her soule,
 And speech shall faulter in this high discourse,
 My tyred tongue (unsham'd) shall thus exclaim
 Oly to name, Dear Mercy, and so end
 O high Imperial King, heavens Architect,
 Is Man a thing befitting thy respect,
 Lord, thou art Wisdom, and thy wayes are holy,
 But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly;
 Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
 And in his Soule he bears thy glorious brand,
 Howe'r defaced with the rust of sin,
 Which hath abridg'd thy stamp, and euen dim
 'Tis not the frailty of Man corrupted nature,
 Makes thee a sham'd, & acknowledge man thy creature;
 But like a tender Father, here on earth,
 (Whose child by nature, or abortive birth,
 Dorth want that sweet and favourable relief,
 Wherewith her creatures Nature dorth embellish)

Respon

A Feast for Wretches.

Respects him ne'thelesse: even so the greatest
(Great God exceeds to Man: though sin deface
The glorious portraiture that man doth beare;
Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appear,
Yet thou (within whose tender bowels are
Deep gulfes of Mercy, sweet beyond compare)
Regard'st, and lov'st (with reverence be it said)
Nay seem'st to dote on Man; when he hath shaid,
Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold again;
When he was lost, thou didst not then disdain
To think upon a vagabond, and give
Thy dearest Son to dyes that we might live;
How poor a mite art thou compar'd with all,
That man might scape his down approaching fall?
Though base we are, yet thou dost not abhor us;
But (as our Story speaks) art pleading for us,
To save us harmless from our Fo-mans jaws;
Art thou turn'd Orator to plead our cause?

How are thy mercies full of admiration?
How soveraign! how sweet's their application!
Fatning the soul with sweetness, and repairing
The rotten ruines of a Soul despairing.

Lo here (*Malsido*) is a Feast prepar'd;
Eall to with courage, and let nought be fear'd;
Taste freely of it, Here's no Milers Feast;
Eat what thou canst, and pocket up the rest;
These precious Viands are Restorative,
Eat then; and if the sweetness make thee drie,
Drink large Carbaser out of Mercies Cups;
The best lies in the bottom, Drink all up;
These Cakes are sweet Ambrosia to thy Soule;
And that which fills the brim of Mercies bowle,
It's dainy Nectar; eat and drink thy fill;
Spare not the one, nor yet the other spill;
Provide in time: Thy banquet is begun;
Lay up in store against the Feast be done.

For lo, the time of banquetting is short,
 And once being done, the world cannot restore;
 It is a Feast of Mercy, and of Grace:
 It is a Feast for all, or high, or base:
 A feast for him that begs upon the way,
 As well for him that does the Scepter sway;
 A feast for him that hourly bemoans
 His dearest sins, with sighs, and tears, and groans;
 A feast for him, whose gentle heart reforms;
 A feast for Men; and so a *Feast for Worms.*

Dear liefeft Lord, that feastst the world with grace;
 Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face:
 Bid joyful welcom to thy hungry guest,
 That we may praise the Master of the Feast;
 And in thy mercy grant this boon to me,
 That I may die to sin, and live to thee.

F I N I S.

S. AMBROSII.

misericordia est plenitudo omnium virtutum.

The general use of this History.

WHEN as the ancient World did all imbarke
 Within the compass of good Noahs Ark,
 Forth to the new-washt earth a Dove was sent
 Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant;
 Which in a silent language thus related,
 How that the waters were at length abated.
 Those swelling waters is the wrath of God,
 And like the Dove, are Prophets sent abroad;

The Yearning of the Ministry.

33

The Olive-leaf is a joyful type of peace,
A faithful sign Gods vengeance death decreaseth;
They save the wounded hearts, and make it whole;
They bring glad rydings to the drooping souls,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirst for grace,
Mercy to those that Mercy will embrace.

Melancholy, thou, in whose distrustful breast,
Despair hath brought in sticks to build her nest,
Where she may safely lodge her luckless brood,
To feed upon thy heart, and suck thy blood,
Beware betimes, lest custom and permission
Prescribe a rule, and so claim possession.

Despairing man, whose burthen makes thee stoop
Under the terror of thy sine, and droop
Through dull despair, whose too too fallen grief
Makes heav'n unable to apply relief;
Whose ears are dull'd with noise of whips and chains,
And yels of damned souls, through tort' red pains:
Come hither, and rouse thy self, unsettle those eyes,
Which sad Despair clos'd up; Arise, Arise,
And go to *Nisibis* the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace
And burthen of her bulk, is nought but sin,
Which (wilful) she commits and wallows in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying sins, her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltless blood that she did spill
Like Spring-rides in the streets and reeking still;
Behold her scorching lusts and taint desire
Like sulph'rous waves, black, and black up higher;
She rapes and rends and cheere and there is gone
Can justly call the thing he hath his own.
That sacred Name of GOD that Name of wonder
Instead of worshipping the tears in sin;
She's not intrall'd to this sin or another,
But like a Depey's all infected over;

Nor only sinful, but in sin's subjection;
She's not infected, but a meek infection.

No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'n's great Spy)
Begun a promise to his lowly Cry;
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious hair, and garments that she wore;
She sat in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her;
All drencht in brims, that grief cannot be sadder;
She calls a Fast, proclaims a prohibition
To man and beast (sad tokens of contrition.)

No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pitied; No sooner grieve'd, but mourn'd;
Timely repentance freely grace procure'd,
The sore that's salve'd in time is easily cur'd;
No sooner had her trickling tears ore-flow'd
Her blubber'd cheeks, but Heav'n was apt to move;
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffred eyes,
And gently stroak'd her cheeks, and bid her rise;
No fault were seen, as if no fault had been,
Dear Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

Malice, rouse thy leaden spirits bestir thee;
Hold up thy drouzy head; here's comfort for thee;
What if thy zeal be frozen hard; what then
Thy Saviour's blood will thaw thy frost again;
Thy prayers, that should be fervent, hot as fire,
Proceed but coldly from a dull desire;
What then? Grieve only, but do not dismay,
Who hears thy pray'rs will give thee strength to pray;
Though left a while, thou art not quite given o'er,
Where sin abounds, there Grace abounds more.
This, this is all the good that I can do thee;
To ease thy grief, I here commend unto thee
A little book, born from great mystery,
A great delight, a little History;
A little branch, cut from a living tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great might be.

A small abridgement of the Lord's prayer
A message sent from heaven by a Dove
It is a heavenly Lesson that relates
To Princes, Pastors, Peoples, all Estates
Their sev'ral Duties to be done
Peruse it well, and bind it to thy breast
There rests the cause of thy defect of rest
But read it often, or else read it not
Once read is not observed, and soon forgot
Nor is't enough to read, but understand
Or else thy tongue for want of wit's profound
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it
Salve heal no sore, unless the party apply it
Apply it then, which if thy self restrain
Strive what thou canst, and pray for what remains

The particular Application

THou then that art oppress'd with sad despair,
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'rs
Then pray with faith, and (servent) without ceasing:
(Like Jacob) wrestle, till thou get a blessing:
Here shalt thou see the type of Christ thy Saviour;
Then let thy suits be through his name, and favour.
Here shalt thou find repentance, and true gladness
Of sinners like thy self, and their belief;
Then suit thy grief to theirs, and let thy soul
Cry mightily, until her wounds be whole.
Here shalt thou see the meekness of thy God,
Who on Repentance turns, and burns the Rod;
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
Here may he hear him stoutly pleading for ye:
Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
Instead of plagues and direful punishment,
Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'n's applause,
And God of heav'n himself will plead thy cause.

The general use of this History.

Here hast thou then compass'd within this measure,
First the Almighty high and just displeasure
Against foul sin, and such as sinful be,
Or Prince, or poor, or high, or low degree.
Here is describ'd the beate[n] Road to Faith:
Here maist thou see the force that preaching hath;
Here is describ'd in brief, but full expression,
The nature of a Convert, and his passion:
His sober dyet, which is thin and spare:
His cloathing, which is Sackcloth; and his prayr
Not faintly sent to heaven, nor sparingly,
But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:
Here maist thou see how prayr and true repentance
Do strive with God, prevail, and turn his sentence
From strokes to stroaking, and from plagues infernal
To boundless Mercies, and to life Eternal.
Till Zephyr lend my Bark a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Sail:

F I N I S.
O dulcis Salvator Mundi? ultima verba que tu dix-
isti in Cruce, sint, ultima mea verba in Luce; &
quando dampnum offendi non possum, exaudi tu cordis
mei desiderium.

HYMNE TO GOD

WHO gave me then an Adamantine quill;
 A marble tablet, and a David's skill;
 To blazon forth the praise of my dear Lord;
 In deep grav'n Characters upon record;
 To last, 100 times eternal process, fine,
 So long as Sun, and Moon, and Stars incline;
 Had I as many mouths, as sands there are,
 Had I a nimble tongue for every star,
 And every word I speak a Character;
 And every minutes time ten ages were,
 To chaunge forth all thy praise, it were all;
 For tongues, and words, and time, and all would fail;
 Much less can I, poor weakling, tune my voice,
 To make a task befit an Angels song;
 Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing no more;
 Weep then as fast, that thou canst sing no more;
 Beblurre thy book with tears, and go thy way;
 For every blurre will prove a Book of praise;
 Thine eye that views the moving Spheres above;
 Let it give praise to him that makes them move;
 Thou richer hast, thy Power that hold, and have;
 Let them give praise to him that freely gave them;
 Thine arms defend thee; then for recompence,
 Let them praise him that gave thee such defence;
 Thy tongue was given to praise thy Lord, the Giver;
 Then let thy tongue praise highest God for ever;
 Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will save thee;
 Then let thine ears praise him that hearing gave thee;
 Thy heart is begg'd by him whose hands did make it;
 My Son, give me thy heart; Lord, freely take it;
 Eyes, hands, and arms, tongues, ears, and hearts of men
 Sing praise, and let the people say, Amen.

A Hymn to G O D.

Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,
 Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary:
 Praise him within the highest Firmament,
 Which shews his Power, and his Government:
 Praise him, for all his mighty Acts are known,
 And suit thy praises to his high Renown:
 Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill, and sharp,
 With Psaltry loud, and many stringed Harp,
 With sounding Tambrel, and the warbling Flute,
 With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute:
 Praise him upon the Maiden Virginall,
 Upon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,
 Upon the sweet Majestick Viols touch,
 Double your joyes, and let your praise be such:
 Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praise
 To heav'ns eternal God, in endless dayes:
 Let every soule to whom a voyce is given,
 Sing holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Heavens:
 For layd a sure found, that undertook
 To break the seven-fold Seel, and open the
 O let my life add number to my dayes,
 To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praise:
 Let every tongue in thy praise be spent;
 Let every hand be bare, and knee be bent:
 To thee (dear Lamb!) Who ere thy praises sing,
 Close be his lips, and tongue for ever still.

Gloria DE O in excelsis

Eleven Pious Meditations

Within the holy Legend I discover
Three special Attributes of God; his Power,
His Justice, and his Mercy; all uncreated,
Eternal all, and all unseparated,
From Gods pure essence, and from thence proceeding,
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:
And from that self-same text three names I gather,
Of great Jehovah; Lord, and God, and Father;
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Majesty, Dominion;
The second shews him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Evil with equal punishment;
The third describes him on his Mercy seat,
Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great:
All three I worship, and before all three
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knees;
But in my private choice, I fancy rather,
Then call him Lord, or God, to call him Father.

In Hell no Life, in heaven no Death there is;
In earth both Life and Death, both Hale and Wise.

64
In heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new supplying;
In hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying:
Earth (like a partial *Ambidexter*) doth
Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both:
Who lives to sin, in hell his portion gives;
Who dies to sin, shall after live in heaven.

Though Earth my *Nurse* be, heaven be thou my *Father*;
Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather (rather)
Within my *Nurse's* arms, than One to Thee;
Earth's honour with thy frowns is death to me:
I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of sorrow;
Lord, if thou pleasest, end the *Play* to-morrow:
I live on Earth, as in a *Dream* of pleasure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee for (Lord) thou art in Heaven.

Nothing that e'er was made, was made for nothing;
Beasts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy cloath;
Flowers for thy smell, and *Herbs* for cure good, (sing)
Trees for thy shade, their *Fruit* for pleasing food.
The *showers* fall upon the fruitful ground,
Whose kindly *Dew* makes tender *Grass* abound;
The *Grass* springs forth for beasts to feed upon,
And *Beasts* are food for *Man*; but *Man* alone
Is made to serve his *Lord* in all his ways,
And be the *Trumpet* of his *Makers* praise.

Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as brass,
The *Earth* as Iron, unapt for grain or grass,
Then let my *Flocks* consume, and never feed me,
Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed me,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious *Attributes*, thy *Works*, thy *Word*.

O let the Trump of thine eternal Fame;
Teach us to answer, *Hallow'd be thy Name;*

GOD built the World, and all that therein is;
He framed, yet how poor a part is this
Quarter the earth; and see how small a *Conte*
Is stiled with the name of *Christendome*;
The rest (through blinde ignorance) rebels,
O're-run with *Pagans, Turks, and Infidels*;
Nor yet is all this little quarter his,
For (though all know him) half know him amisse,
Professing *Christ* for lucre, (as they list)
And serve the triple Crown of *Antichrist*;
Yet is this little handful much made lesse;
There's many *Liars* for one *Professor*;
Nor do Professors all profess aright,
Among whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*;
O where, and what's thy Kingdom (blessed God)
Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine iron Rod
Reduce thy reck'nings to their total sum;
O let thy *Power*, and thy *Kingdom* come.

MAN in himself's a little *World*, Alone;
His *Soul's* the *Court*, or high Imperial Throne;
Wherein as *Emperesse* sits the *Understanding*,
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding
Her Handmaid's *Will*: *Affections*, Maids of Honour,
All following close, and duly waiting on her;
But *Sin*, that always envy'd mans Condition,
Waking this Kingdom raised up *Divisen*.

Withdrawn the *Will*, and brib'd the false *Affection*,
That *This*, no order hath; nor *That*, Election; and does
The *Will* proves Trayter to the *Understanding*;
Reason hath lost her powers, and left commanding;
She's quite depos'd, and put to foul disgrace,
And Tyrant *Passion* now usurps her place:

Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
To reign, that I may reign with *Thee* in thine;
And since my *Will* is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in heaven;

Who live to sin are all but *sheepes* to heaven
And Earth; They steal from God, and take his
Good men they rob, and such as live upright, (given
And (being bastards) share the Freeman's Right;
They're all as owners, in the owners' stead;
And (like to Dogs) devour the children's bread;
They have, and lack, and want that they possess;
Unhappy most, in their most happiness;
They are not goods, but riches, that they waste;
And not being goods, to rob's they turn at last;
(Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in thee,

And *thou* in it, or else take it from me;
My *store* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flourish*,
So shall my comforts neither change, nor perish;
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making me (that am a *Sinner*) *thine*;
'Tis thou or none that shall supply my need,
Great God, Give us this day our daily bread.

THe quick conceited School-men do approve
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*;

Love is a virtue, whereby we explain
Our selves to God, and God to us again:
But *Charity*'s imparted to our Brother,

Whereby we traffick, one man with another;
The first extends to God; the last belongs
To Man, in giving right, and bearing wrong;
In number they are twins; In virtue one;
For one not truly being, & others none.

In loving God, if I neglect my Neighbour,
My *Love* hath lost his proof, and I my labour.
My Zeal, my Faith, my Hope, that never fails me,
(If *Charity* be wanting) nought avails me.

(Lord) in my soul, a Spirit of *Love* create me,
And I will love my Brother, if he hate me;
In nought but *Love*, let me envy my betters;
And then, Forgive my debts, as I my debtors.

I Find a true resemblance in the growth
Of *Sin* and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;
The *Soul*'s the Mother; and the *Devil*, Sister;
Who lusting long in mutual desire,
Enjoy their *Wills*, and joys in Copulation;
The Seed that fills her womb, is foul Temptation;
The fimsy Conception, is the *Soul's* consent;
And then it quickens, when it breeds content;
The birth of *Sin* is finish'd in the action,
And Custom brings it to its full perfection.

O let my fruitlesse *Soul* be barren rather,
 Than bring forth such a *Child* for such a *Father*;
 Or if my *Soul* breed *Sin* (not being wary)
 Let not her womb bring forth, or else *miscarry*;
 She is thy Spouse, (O Lord) do thou advise her;
 Keep thou her chaste; Let not the *Fiend* entice her;
 Try thou my heart, Thy *Tryals* bring *Salvation*,
 But let me not be led into *Temptation*.

Fortune (that blind supposed *Goddeſſe*) is
 Still rated at, if ought ſucceed amiſſe;
 Tis ſhe (the vain abſent of Providence)
 That bears the blame, when others make offence;
 When this mans *burn* finds not her wonted *ſcore*,
Fortune is condemn'd, becauſe ſhe ſets no more;
 If this man dye, or that man live too long,
Fortune is accus'd, and ſhe hath done the wrong;
 Ah fooliſh *Dolls*, and (like your *Goddeſſe*) blind,
 You make the fault, and call your *Saint* unkind;
 For when the cauſe of *Ev'l* begins in *Man*,
 The effect enſues from whence the cauſe began;
 Then know the reaſon of thy diſcontent,
 Thy *ev'l* of *ſin*, makes the *ev'l* of *puniſhment*.
 (Lord) hold me up, or ſpur me when I fall;
 So ſhall my *Ev'l* be juſt, or not at all;
 Defend me from the *World*, the *Fleſh*, the *Devil*,
 And ſo thou ſhalt deliver me from evil.

THe Princely ſhirts of *Aarons* holy coat
 I kiſſe, and to my morning *Meſſe* devote.

Had never *Man*, in any Age, or Nation,
Each glorious *Types*, set forth in such a fashion,
With *Gold*, and *Gems*, and *Silks* of Princely Dye,
And *flaves* befitting more than Majesty:
The *Persian Sophies*, and rich *Sheba's Queen*
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had seen:
Upon the *things* (in order as they fell)
First, a *Garment* that was, and then a *Beel*;
By each a *Beel* that was a *Beel*, and then
Many *Pomegranates*, many *Bells* and more:
Pomegranates nourish *Bells* do make a sound;
As *blessings* fall, *Thanksgiving* must rebound.

If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Aarons* tire,
My *tongue* shall praise, as well as heart desire,
My *tongue*, and pen shall dwell upon thy *Story*,
(Great God) for thine *Glory*, *Power*, *Glory*.

II.

The ancient *Sophists*, that were so precise,
(And oftentimes (perchance) too curious nice)
Averre, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on Man,
Three perfect *souls*: When this I truly scan,
Methinks their *Learning* swath'd in *Error* lies;
They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise*;
Too curious *wise*; because they mention more
Than *one*; Not *wise* enough, because not *four*;
Nature, nor *Grace*, is *Mistress* of their *Schools*;
Grace counteth them *wisest*, that are veriest *Fools*:
Three *Souls* in man? *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,
The *Soul* of *Faith*: But this is *Greek* to you.
'Tis *Faith* that makes man *truly wise*: 'Tis *Faith*
Makes him possesse that thing he never hath.

This Glorious Soul of Faith bestow on me:
 (O Lord) or else take thou the other three:
 Faith makes men less than Children, more than Men:
 It makes the Soul cry Abba, and Amen.

for Death

THE END

The ancient sages, that were so wise,
 (And oftentimes) (poorly) (too) (wise)
 wrote, that Nature hath bestow'd on Man
 three perfect joys: When this I truly learn
 that their Learning teach'd in Error lies;
 they were not wise enough, and yet too wise;
 so curious wile; because they mention more
 than one; Not wise enough, because not fast;
 nor Grace is Mistis of their Senses;
 the Soul of Faith: But this is Giv to you.
 In Faith that makes a man a man: This Faith
 is him possesse, that thing he never hath.

